

AN ELEGY

*Stand Or Fall On Your Own
Arches*

BY T-BONE SLIM

We cannot know whether the staid Ambassador Herrick, (of the Buekeye state of Foraker and Dougherty) made Lindbergh, or did the pioneer spirit of the Middle West enforce itself upon "the holy grounds" of "sorghumcised chicanery" and refuse to be denied? We cannot know whether Lindbergh, goodwill Ambassador, "the flying fool," made Ambassador Herrick or did the stay-as-hitched spirit of the old guard (Gen. M. A. Hanna) bring accumulating honors to the Ambassador Herrick, last past?

We know only that Lindbergh is as was . . .

Bring on the evidence!

wIw

The mere effort to reap "honor by association" is an insult to both so associated—and, if this effort be the meisterstroke of worshipful imbeciles, then the effort is a denatured form of calumny. Man must stand or fall on his own legs—can you understand that, one syllable words.

"To be free," warbles, Heywood Broun, "man must conquer the fear of death."

I'll forgive Heywood for his past demeanors—but this one, Broun, I'll have to hold against you. When a man conquers fear of death, he's nothing more than a rebel—why "yump" to conclusions, ask and get more space.

You know what the bible says: "Ask and you . . ."

wIw

U. S. possibly is pushing its diplomats a little too hard—and they drop off almost before the full quota" of laurels bedeck their brow. It may be that Samuel is trying to shunt-off those old cadgers with a modicum of glory so as to keep the record straight—but still and all, I say, if a man has not made his name by the time he is 60 or 70 he should not be allowed to lean on Lindbergh, or any other new beginner.

We should remember: those "greenhorns" have their own name to decorate and have no spare time to donate to unfulfilled ambitions of the aged endeavorers or the glorification of clay that never found its full usefulness.

wIw

Man is the most liberal of creatures. His liberalism can not be estimated by present-day standards of weights and measures.

He will gnaw and gnaw at a piece of bone and, finally, hand it to the dog.

I wonder why he doesn't get a piece of meat to use his powers upon—instead of purifying the bone for the dog?

—T-b.S.